

T H E
PROLOGUE (236)

Spoken by Mrs. B A B B,

At her first Appearance in the PLAY-HOUSE in
DORSET-GARDEN, the 24th of *October*, 1706.

BLESS me! An Audience here! I'm all Surprize!
Boxes! Pit! Gallery's!-- I can't believe my Eyes!
Sure I'm Mistaken— How strange a thing is this,
When all my Thoughts were nothing but Dismiss!
How cou'd ye give one Idle Night away,
And from *Hay-Market's* Darling Fabrick stray,
Unless New Faces— bring ye to our Play?
First View, then Bid, and if we shou'd deny,
Then with a Smile, and Scornful Air— You'll cry,
Away to t'other House— we know who'll there Comply.
Baulk not my first Endeavours, I implore,
Forbear to Hiss,— I cannot wish for more.
Alas! we now have little left t'invite ye,
But Musick— which you Swear shall not delight ye.
Yet all my Hopes are on this Notion bent,
'Twill please the Ladies; for 'tis Innocent.
And with the Soldiers, sure we gain the Day;
Can they be fond of those— who run away?
What Mischief from a Harmless Song can come?
Better some Fa, la, la, than all Hum Drum.
To Please the Old and Surly, be their Care;
We but desire the Youthful and the Fair.

F I N I S.